



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

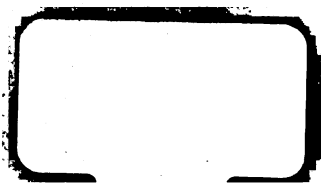
### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



*An original collection of  
extant epitaphs*

Frederick Maiben, Commercial











IN MEMORIAM



*Epitaphs.*

Collected  
in  
Spare Moments.

BY

A COMMERCIAL.





Preserve this leaf.

Rich. A. Harwin, Esq.

with the consent  
of the Compiler

Providence

Jan 1850

1. Epitaphus - G. B. - England  
GD

8522 11/27

AN  
Original Collection  
OF  
EXTANT  
EPITAPHS.

GATHERED  
BY A COMMERCIAL  
IN SPARE MOMENTS.

r Maiben, Frederick

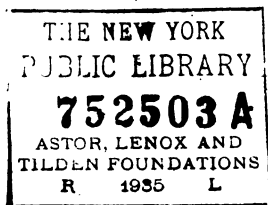
PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

LONDON:  
F. MAIBEN, 131, ALDERSGATE STREET,  
AND  
22, HARDINGE STREET, ISLINGTON.

MDCCCLXX.

[ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.]

EN



*"The flower fades, the morning hasteth,  
The sun sets, the shadow flies,  
The gourd consumes—and man he dies  
Like to the grass that's newly sprung."*

From "*Man's Mortality*," by SIMON WASTELL.

Born 1562. Date of Death uncertain.



*"All heads must come  
To the cold tomb,  
Only the actions of the just  
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."*

From "*Death's Final Conquest*," by JAMES SHIRLEY.

Died 1666.



[PREFACE TO MANUSCRIPT COLLECTION.]

TO MY FRIENDS :

**T**HE whole of the following Epitaphs have been copied by myself, from the various places named, in moments snatched at intervals during several years of occupation as a Commercial Traveller.

In selecting them, it is not only their evident originality that has weighed with me, but also their human interest, their quaintness, and in a few instances their mere oddity.

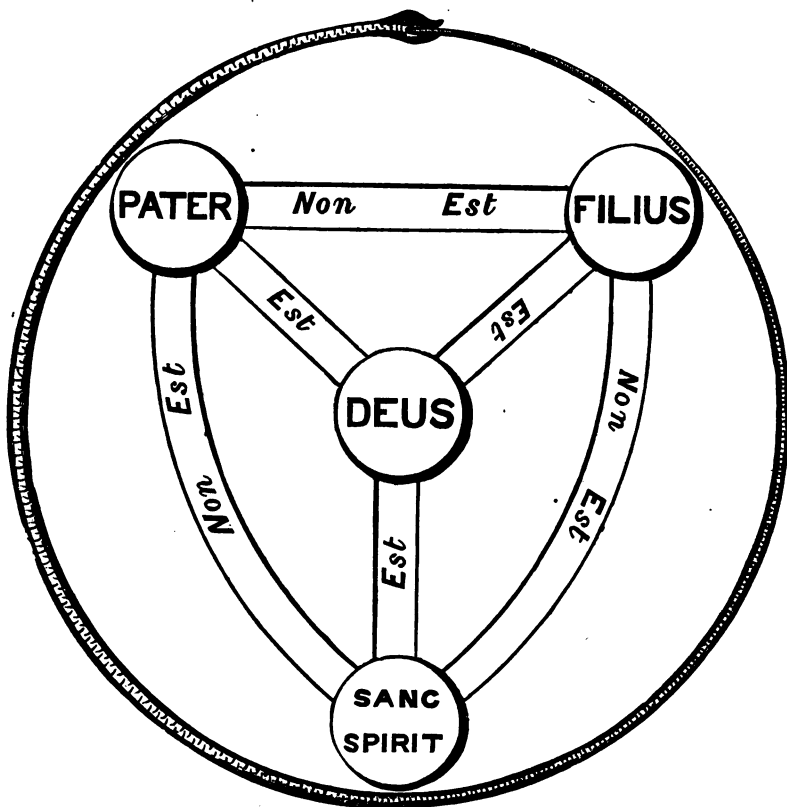
I hope the perusal of them may afford somewhat of the pleasure I have experienced in collecting them.

F. M.

22, HARDINGE STREET, ISLINGTON.



AN EMBLEM OF THE TRINITY SURROUNDED BY AN  
EMBLEM OF ETERNITY.



On the foot of a Tomb in  
BURY ST. EDMUNDS CHURCHYARD.

## INTRODUCTORY.

---

**W**HEN a man wishes to gain publicity for a Work of his own, it may, perhaps, often be expedient to explain its scope and nature, and the motives which prompted it. In the present instance, however, it is the performances of other people which the compiler of this volume has ventured to introduce to public notice; but, nevertheless, it is thought desirable to precede its contents with a few introductory and explanatory words.

The nature of this work is evident at a glance, and is sufficiently explained by its title. It is offered as interesting in itself, and as a contribution of materials, often touching, often striking—but always illustrative of human character; and if it be true that the “proper study of mankind is man,” it is thought that the book may possess some interest not only for sympathetic readers, but also for reflective minds and students of human nature.

The involuntary contributors have all worked in one direction, and have all had a common aim—to perpetuate the memory of relatives, friends, and acquaintances, who had left this bustling, anxious, striving scene, for that

“Undiscovered country, from whose bourne  
No traveller returns.”

And, perhaps, no feeling of the mind is more natural, or more universal, than the desire to do honour to the dead—to keep alive the memory of the “lov’d and lost.”

“Ev’n from the tomb, the voice of Nature cries;  
Ev’n in our ashes live their wonted fires.”

The Compiler has had from boyhood a strong liking for visiting Churchyards and Churches, feeling great interest



in their character as mementos of the past, and in their association with successive generations. An opportunity was afforded him of cultivating this fancy by his being employed to "go on the road." In his evening strolls, and at various times, while waiting for conveyances from stage to stage, he copied these Epitaphs for his own amusement, and for a lasting memorial to himself of the places he visited.

From time to time he has shown them to his friends and acquaintance, and also to commercial and other visitors at the houses where he has sojourned, and by many he has been urged to print. Believing that a more genuine Collection has not hitherto been published, he has at length yielded to these repeated requests.

The greater portion of the Epitaphs here collected bear an evidence in themselves of being specially written for the persons to whom they were inscribed. Some of them evince peculiar speculative ideas of a future existence; some are extreme in their adulations of the departed; some are records of merely local interest, and others bear an historic and national character; while a few among them are only noteworthy on account of their oddity. It will be seen that in many cases the whole Inscription has been copied, and, as nearly as possible, the form of the Epitaph is shown in type; thus preserving the style, grammar, orthography, and punctuation of the original.

A few brief notes are appended, some in elucidation, and others, mere crude thoughts, which occurred to the Compiler while transcribing the Epitaphs to which they are attached.

*August, 1870.*



# I N D E X.



		PAGE
ALVERSTOKE . . . . .	<i>Hants</i> . . . . .	30
ARRETON . . . . .	<i>Isle of Wight</i> . . . . .	25
BASINGSTOKE . . . . .	<i>Hants</i> . . . . .	38
BIGGLESWADE . . . . .	<i>Beds</i> . . . . .	28
BIRMINGHAM . . . . .	32, 50, 63, 69, 71, 77	77
BRADING . . . . .	<i>Isle of Wight</i> . . . . .	24
BRENTWOOD . . . . .	<i>Essex</i> . . . . .	9
BRIDPORT . . . . .	<i>Dorset</i> . . . . .	35, 36
BRIGHTON . . . . .	6, 7, 39, 72, 74	74
BROMLEY . . . . .	<i>Kent</i> . . . . .	29
BROXBOURNE . . . . .	<i>Herts</i> . . . . .	46
BURY ST. EDMUND'S . . . . .	4, 5, 85	85
CANTERBURY . . . . .		44
CARISBROOKE . . . . .	<i>Isle of Wight</i> . . . . .	22, 26
CATTISTOCK . . . . .	<i>Dorset</i> . . . . .	60
CHELMSFORD . . . . .		10, 11
CHICHESTER . . . . .		2, 3
CHRISTCHURCH . . . . .	<i>Hants</i> . . . . .	73
COVENTRY . . . . .		49
DUNSTABLE . . . . .	<i>Beds</i> . . . . .	36
EASTBOURNE . . . . .	<i>Sussex</i> . . . . .	2, 8
FAVERSHAM . . . . .	<i>Kent</i> . . . . .	53
FOLKESTONE . . . . .	" . . . . .	52
FORDINGTON . . . . .	<i>Dorchester</i> . . . . .	54
FINEDON . . . . .	<i>Northamptonshire</i> . . . . .	17
HADLEIGH . . . . .	<i>Suffolk</i> . . . . .	71
HARWICH . . . . .	<i>Essex</i> . . . . .	18, 40
HASTINGS . . . . .	<i>Sussex</i> . . . . .	32
HERTFORD . . . . .		20
HIGHAM FERRERS . . . . .	<i>Northamptonshire</i> . . . . .	86
HOVE . . . . .	<i>Sussex</i> . . . . .	34
IRTHLINGBORO' . . . . .	<i>Northamptonshire</i> . . . . .	31
KENILWORTH . . . . .	<i>Warwickshire</i> . . . . .	48
LANDPORT . . . . .	<i>Hants</i> . . . . .	1, 30, 43, 56, 59
LEAMINGTON . . . . .		42
LEICESTER . . . . .		61, 85

		PAGE
LEIGHTON BUZZARD .	<i>Beds</i> . . . . .	60
LILLINGTON . . . .	<i>Warwickshire</i> . . . . .	66
LITTLEHAMPTON .	<i>Sussex</i> . . . . .	55
LONDON . . . . .	<i>Abney Park</i> . . . . .	58, 70
" . . . . .	<i>Bunhill Fields</i> . . . . .	37, 66, 67
" . . . . .	<i>Highgate</i> . . . . .	16, 41, 47, 64, 70, 86
" . . . . .	<i>Kensal Green</i> . . . . .	78, 79, 80, 82, 83
" . . . . .	<i>Nunhead</i> . . . . .	62, 79, 84
LUTON . . . . .	<i>Beds</i> . . . . .	75
MALDON . . . . .	<i>Essex</i> . . . . .	28
MARKET HARBOUR' .	<i>Leicestershire</i> . . . . .	14, 15, 16, 40
MELFORD . . . . .	<i>Suffolk</i> . . . . .	28
MILLBROOK. . . . .	<i>Southampton</i> . . . . .	38
NEWHAVEN . . . . .	<i>Sussex</i> . . . . .	76, 77
NEWMARKET . . . .	<i>Cambs</i> . . . . .	34
NEWPORT . . . . .	<i>Isle of Wight</i> . . . . .	23
NORTHAMPTON . . .	. . . . .	57
NUNEATON . . . . .	<i>Warwickshire</i> . . . . .	68
PETERBORO' . . . .	. . . . .	21
PORTLAND . . . . .	<i>Dorset</i> . . . . .	65
PRESTON . . . . .	" . . . . .	55
RUGBY . . . . .	<i>Warwickshire</i> . . . . .	51
SAFFRON WALDEN .	<i>Essex</i> . . . . .	27
SALISBURY . . . . .	. . . . .	52
SEVENOAKS. . . . .	<i>Kent</i> . . . . .	86
SITTINGBOURNE . .	" . . . . .	54
ST. IVES . . . . .	<i>Cambs</i> . . . . .	26
STRATFORD-ON-AVON .	. . . . .	81, 87
TAUNTON . . . . .	<i>Somerset</i> . . . . .	35, 45
TUNBRIDGE WELLS .	. . . . .	13
WATERBEACH . . . .	<i>Cambs</i> . . . . .	18, 19, 20
WALTHAM ABBEY . .	<i>Essex</i> . . . . .	53
WELLINGBORO' . . .	<i>Northamptonshire</i> . . . . .	12, 13, 56
WESTON-SUPER-MARE .	<i>Somerset</i> . . . . .	33
WHITWICK . . . . .	<i>Leicestershire</i> . . . . .	69, 71



In LANDPORT CEMETERY, HANTS.



ON MOUNT CALVARY TWAS SAID.



In Memory of

REBECCA,

The Affectionate Wife of

WILLIAM SMITH, SENR.,

whose transition from Earth to join  
the blood bought throng, took place  
according to Eternal Destination on the  
22nd day of March, 1843, in the 57th  
year of her age.

---

*To know her worth read the last six verses in the last  
chapter of Proverbs.*

**In CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL YARD.**

---

1840.

---

**ON A CHILD, AGED 15 MONTHS.**

---

He woke, and took life's cup to sip,  
Too bitter 'twas to drain;  
He meekly put it from his lip,  
And went to sleep again.

---

**In EASTBOURNE CHURCHYARD.**

---

—— JUNE 1<sup>ST</sup> 1855. ——

---

**ON A CHILD, AGED 6 YEARS.**

---

When the first wild thrill is past,  
Of anguish and despair;  
To lift the eye of Faith to Heaven,  
And think "My Child is there,"  
This best can dry the gushing tear,  
This yield the heart relief;  
Until the Christian's pious hope  
O'ercomes the Parent's grief.

---

The Poetry of Piety.—F.M.

---

In the Cloisters of CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL.

---

In Memory of  
**CAPT<sup>N</sup> THOMAS ALLEN**

late Commander of his Majesty's Ship  
BRITANNIA,  
on whose brave & benevolent Spirit  
on the 23<sup>rd</sup> Jan<sup>y</sup> 1781 in the 55<sup>th</sup> Year  
of his age, The Curtain of this  
World's Stage untimely dropt.

---

Beneath is deposited  
all that was mortal of  
**RICHARD SMITH GENT.**

The immortal part is gone  
Thro' the merits of a crucified Redeemer  
to join its great original in Heaven.

This awful change was on  
the 4<sup>th</sup> day of Sept<sup>r</sup> 1767.  
After a life of Sixty Three Years.



---

In BURY ST. EDMUNDS CHURCHYARD.

---

Here lies interred the Body of  
**MARY HASELTON,**

A Young Maiden of this Town,  
Born of Roman Catholic Parents,  
And virtuously brought up;  
Who being in the act of Prayer  
Repeating her Vespers,  
Was instantaneously killed by a flash  
Of lightning, August the 16<sup>th</sup> 1785.  
— Aged 9 Years. —

Not Siloams tower the Victims slew,  
Because above the many sinned the few,  
Nor here the fated lightning wreaked its rage,  
By Vengeance sent for crimes matured by age:  
The little suppliant with its hands upreared,  
Address'd her God in prayers the Priest had taught,  
His mercy prayed, and His protection sought;  
Learn Reader hence, that Wisdom to adore  
Thou canst not scann: & fear his boundless Power:  
Safe shalt thou be if thou perform'st His will,  
Blest if he spares, and more blest should He kill.



IN BURY ST. EDMUNDS CHURCHYARD.

In Memory of

MICHAEL FALLICK,

who died 22<sup>nd</sup> Octr 1807.

Aged 54 Years.

---

Here lie the Husband of a Loving Wife,  
She lost all earthly comfort when he  
lost his life.

A sudden death a shocking sight to see,  
His last life's blood was sprinkled  
over she,

The King immortal gave a sudden stroke,  
He heaved a sigh and a blood vessel broke.  
He was an Honest and upright Man,  
Boast more ye great ones if you can.





In BRIGHTON CHURCHYARD.

In Memory of

PHŒBE HESSEL

who was born at STEPNEY in the year 1713.

She served for many years

as a PRIVATE SOLDIER in the 5<sup>th</sup> Regt of Foot

in different parts of Europe

and in the Year 1745 fought under the Command

of the Duke of Cumberland

at the BATTLE OF FONTENOY,

when she received a bayonet wound in her arm.

Her long life which commenced in the time of

QUEEN ANNE,

extended to the reign of

GEORGE IV ;

by whose munificence she received comfort

and support in her latter years.

She died at Brighton where she had long resided

Dec<sup>r</sup> 12<sup>th</sup> 1821 : Aged 108 Years.



In BRIGHTON CHURCHYARD.

P. . M. . S.

CAPT NICHOLAS TETTERSELL THROUGH WHOSE PRUDENCE  
UALOUR AN LOYALTY CHARLES THE SECOND KING OF  
ENGLAND AND AFTER HE HAD ESCAPED THE SWORD  
OF HIS MERCILESS REBELLS AND HIS FFORCES RECEIVED A  
FATALL OUERTHROWE AT WORCESTER SEPT<sup>R</sup> 3<sup>D</sup> 1651  
WAS FFAITHFULLY PRESERUED AND CONUEYED INTO  
FRANCE DEPARTED THIS LIFE THE 26<sup>TH</sup> DAY OF JULY 1674



WITHIN THIS MARBLE MONUMENT DOTH LYE  
APPROUED FFAITH HONOR<sup>R</sup> AND LOYALTY  
IN THIS COLD CLAY HE HATH NOW TANE UP HIS STATION  
AT ONCE PRESERUED Y<sup>E</sup> CHURCH THE CROUNE AND NATION  
WHEN CHARLES Y<sup>E</sup> GREATE WAS NOTHING BUT A BREATH  
THIS UALIA<sup>N</sup>T SOULE STEPT BETWEENE HIM AND DEATH  
USURPERS THREATS NOR TYRANT REBELLS FROUNE  
COULD NOT AFFRIGHT HIS DUTY TO THE CROWNE  
WHICH GLORIOUS ACT OF HIS FOR CHURCH AND STATE  
EIGHT PRINCES IN ONE DAY DID GRATULATE  
PROFESSING ALL TO HIM IN DEBT TO BEE  
AS ALL THE WORLD ARE TO HIS MEMORY  
SINCE EARTH COULD NOT REWARD HIS WORTH HAUE GIUEN  
HEE NOW RECEIUES IT FROM THE KING OF HEAUE<sup>N</sup>



IN THE SAME CHEST ONE JEWEL MORE YOU HAUE  
THE PARTENER OF HIS UERTUES BED AND GRAUE  
SUSANNA HIS WIFE WHO DECESED Y<sup>E</sup> 4<sup>TH</sup> DAY OF MAY 1672  
TO WHOSE PIOUS MEMORY AND HIS OWN HONOR<sup>R</sup> NICHOLAS  
THEIRE ONLY SON AND IUST INHERITE OF HIS FFATHERS  
UERTUES HATH PAYD HIS LAST DUTY IN THIS MONUMENT

1676

HERE ALSO LIETH INTERRED THE BODY OF CAPTAIN  
NICHOLAS TETTERSELL HIS SON WHO DEPARTED THIS  
LIFE THE FOURTH OF THE CALEND<sup>S</sup> OF OCTOBER  
1701 IN THE 57 YEAR OF HIS AGE

**In EASTBOURNE CHURCHYARD, SUSSEX.**

Near this place are deposited  
the Remains of

**ELIZABETH the Wife of WM KNIGHT**

who departed this life on the Sixteenth day of June  
one Thousand Seven Hundred and Ninety Three

Aged Sixty Four Years

Whose

Uniformity of good Conduct sanctioned  
General Respect,

Whose

Disinterested attachment to the Family  
in which

(She lived upwards of Twenty Five Years)

Claims their

Particular Regret:

She lived

Earnestly ambitious to deserve the Character  
of

A Faithful Servant,

She died

Contentedly possessed of it;

Approved by all,

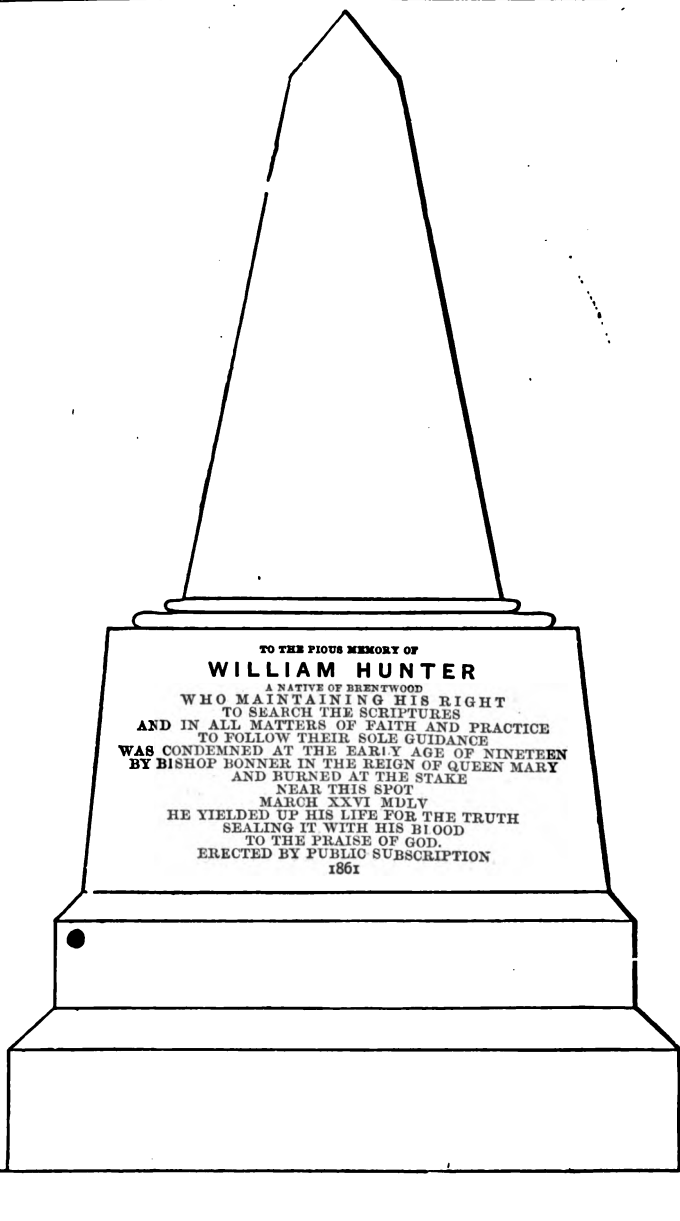
Equalled by few,

Excelled by none.

If there be a Character more nearly approaching perfection, it is  
very rare.

F. M.

In HIGH STREET, BRENTWOOD, ESSEX.





Reader—if thou art fatherless, revere  
This sacred spot—A FATHER lieth here,  
Enough why bare an aching heart to thee?  
Thou knowest, *feelest* all my agony.

## STEPHEN DEAN

Born December 17<sup>th</sup> 1772

Died August 15<sup>th</sup> 1832

His enemy might write his epitaph,  
Still would his spirit based on rectitude,  
Stand firm—Integrity's Colossus o'er  
Slander's eternal stream—beyond all reach.



In CHELMSFORD CHURCHYARD, ESSEX.

CHARLES JOHN DEAN

BORN Dec<sup>r</sup> 10—1816.

DIED Aug<sup>t</sup> 26—1846.

—o—

Life CAME—how? whence? None save its Fount may tell,  
It WENT—as moments vanish, which though gone,  
Are *Still* a part of the inscrutable  
Eternity, and circle round its throne,  
A chain from which no link hath ever flown :  
And may not Everlasting Life too claim  
It's emanations—harvest from the sown—  
Spray from It's water-drops—light from It's flame—  
As glorious rainbows rise where darkest clouds first came.



**In WELLINGBORO' CHURCHYARD.**

This is the last

Respect

to

**JANE**

The Beloved

Daughter of

THOMAS & JANE COLSON

who died Nov<sup>r</sup> 28<sup>th</sup>

1857.

Aged 26 Years.



Mother I'm dying now:

There is a deep sensation in my breast,  
As if some heavy hand my bosom press'd,  
And on my brow

I feel the cold sweat stand:

My lips grow dry & tremulous & my breath  
Comes feebly up, Oh; tell me is this death:  
Mother, your hand.



---

**IN WELLINGBORO' CHURCHYARD.**

---

**ON A CHILD AGED 16.**

**1857.**

She is gone, they say, of our  
lovely child,

With heart so loving, with  
look so mild,

Not gone from Memory, not  
gone from love,

But gone to our Father's  
house above.

---

**IN TUNBRIDGE WELLS CEMETERY.**

---

**1858.**

We mourn for those who weep,  
Whom stern afflictions bend  
With anguish o'er the lowly sleep  
Of Brother, or of Friend,  
But they to whom the sway  
Of pain and grief is o'er,  
Whose tears our God hath wiped away,  
Oh mourn for them no more.



IN MARKET HARBORO' CEMETERY.

*Virtue Survives the Grave*

Beneath this Stone lies interred  
the Remains of

DEBORAH

Late Wife of W. Harrod Jun<sup>r</sup> Printer,  
who died the 18<sup>th</sup> of June 1808.

Aged Sixty Years.

—o—

Here Reader, Pause, and if the icy hand of

DEATH

Has ever snatched from thee the tender Parent,  
Sincere Friend, or Loving Partner who was the  
Calmer of thy Sorrows, in the rugged path  
of life by pointing thee the way to Heaven,  
here pause, think' of thy loss, let fall the  
swelling Tear, for know each Character thou  
mournest was here combined in one.

IN MARKET HARBOUR CEMETERY.

In Memory  
OF SAMUEL TURNER, PAINTER,

Who was born at a lone House, in  
the Parish of Harrington, in the  
County of Northampton.

His Occupation a Shepherd,  
His amusements were the beautiful scenes  
of NATURE,

His retirements, the Study of  
Surveying, Dialing Engraving &c.

In the 35<sup>th</sup> Year of his Age he removed to  
Mt. Harboro' and changed the Cottage for  
the Shop, and the Crook for the Pencil,  
His works that are left will show his abilities.

He travelled through a rough, and rugged  
Road of affliction and Died, in hopes of a

HAPPY ETERNITY

The 13<sup>th</sup> Day of Feby 1784

AGED 67.



**In MARKET HARBORO' CEMETERY.**

— 1841. —

The Churchyard bears an added Stone,  
The Fireside shows a Vacant Chair ;  
Here Sadness dwells and weeps alone,  
And Death displays his Banners there ;  
The Life is gone, the breath has fled,  
And what has been, no more shall be ;  
The well known form, the welcome tread,  
Oh ! where are they ? and where is he ?

**In HIGHGATE CEMETERY, LONDON.**

Another Spirit has fled,  
And the Clay gathered to the tomb,  
Amidst those loved ones  
Who had before passed away.  
Oh ! may a Father,  
By the mercy of  
The great ruling power of all,  
Look down from the Spirit land,  
Watch over and direct  
The frail mortal actions of  
A Bereaved and Devoted Son.

Which is better to rely on—the Spirit of a Father, or the  
Father of Spirits ?

F. M.

A Stone built in the wall of FINEDON CHURCH, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

Here Lieth Richard Dent  
In His Last Tenement

1704

This is a reduced copy of Rubbing taken in 1863.—F.M.

In HARWICH CHURCHYARD, ESSEX.

—1850.—

While bending o'er the funeral Urn,  
Our weeping hearts with anguish mourn,  
And wounded spirits seek relief  
In trickling tears and silent grief,  
How sweet to raise the weeping eye  
To tearless mansions in the sky;  
Where those we lov'd are gone before,  
To feel the parting pang no more ;  
But sweeter still the Hope Divine,  
That we, e'er long, with them shall join ;  
His never ceasing praise to swell,  
Whose Wisdom has done all things well.

In WATERBEACH CHURCHYARD, CAMBS.

In Memory of

JOHN MASON,

who died June 12<sup>th</sup> 1805:

To expiate your sins make no delay,  
Lest unprepared you are summoned away,  
And like me be laid in a cold bed of clay.

IN WATERBEACH CHURCHYARD, CAMBS.

THIS GRAVE

contains the mortal part of

CATHERINE BENSTEAD

who before her death sought the  
Lord Jesus in secret & found pardon  
and peace, She Died Oct<sup>r</sup> 9<sup>th</sup>, 1814

AGED 11 YEARS.

As some fair flower that hid in leafy green,  
Imbibes the dew of Heaven and blooms unseen,  
Till fragrance strange—unto the passer by,  
Reveals the secret of its birthplace nigh:  
So Catherine lived, & sought the Lord alone,  
Her griefs peculiar, & her joys unknown,  
A change divine soon met the wondering eye,  
And told the employment of her privacy:  
Fain would we long have gazed, but God removed  
To holier happier scenes, the child He loved.



---

In WATERBEACH CHURCHYARD, CAMBS.

---

— 1853. —

Farewell but not for ever; hope replies,  
Trace but his steps and meet him in the skies;  
There nothing shall renew our parting pain,  
Thou shalt not wither, nor we weep again.

---

In HERTFORD CHURCHYARD.

---

In Memory of  
SAMUEL BATES

AGED 65,

Who departed this life March 13<sup>th</sup> 1858.

A SOLDIER OF JESUS

I'm billeted here by Death,  
And quartered to remain,  
When the last trumpet sounds,  
I shall rise and march again.

What I was  
The Judgement Day will best make known;  
Reader what art thou?

---

**In PETERBORO' CATHEDRAL YARD.**

Youth Builds for Age, Age Builds for Rest,  
They who Build for Heaven Build Best.

**In WOODSTONE CHURCHYARD, near PETERBORO'.**

. 1778 .

O Vain Man, a mark for Malice, thy  
Glory a blaze, thy time a Span, thyself  
a Bubble, is born crying, Lives laughing,  
and dies groaning.  
Who then to vain Mortality shall trust,  
But Limns the Water, or but writes in Dust.

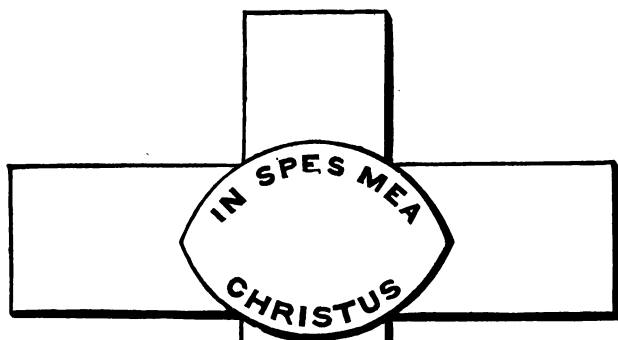
**In PETERBORO' CEMETERY.**

. 1860 .

Afflicted by our loss we lay thee here  
In silent sorrow: E'en thy dust is dear;  
For never child shall weep nor neighbour bend  
O'er kinder parent or more faithful friend.



IN CARISBROOKE CHURCHYARD, ISLE OF WIGHT.



Pray for  
The Soul  
of  
J. WOOLFREY.

It is a good  
and  
Wholesome  
thing to  
pray for the  
Dead.—  
2 Mal. 12. 46.



This is remarkable because of its being in a Protestant Churchyard.—F. M.

In the PARISH CHURCH of NEWPORT, ISLE OF WIGHT.

To the Memory of

THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH, daughter of KING CHARLES 1<sup>st</sup>:

who died at Carisbrook Castle on Sunday Sept: 8<sup>th</sup> 1652.

and was interred beneath the Chancel of this Church.

---

This Monument is erected

As a token of respect for her Virtues,  
and of Sympathy for her Misfortunes,

by VICTORIA R. 1856.

The Monument consists of a full-length figure of the Princess lying upon her bed, with an open Bible on her Pillow.  
She has just gone to sleep—her last sleep.—F.M.

IN BRADING CHURCHYARD, ISLE OF WIGHT.

SACRED  
TO THE MEMORY OF  
"Little Jane"

who died 30<sup>th</sup> Jan'y 1799.

in the 15<sup>th</sup> Year

of her age.

Ye who the power of God delight to trace,  
And mark with joy each monument of grace,  
Tread lightly o'er this grave, as ye explore  
"The short & simple annals of the poor."

A Child reposes underneath this sod,  
A Child to Memory dear, and dear to God,  
Rejoice! yet shed the sympathetic tear,  
Jane "the Young Cottager" lies buried here,

Those who have read the Rev. Leigh Richmond's "Annals of the Poor" will be interested in this and the following Epitaph.—F.M.

IN ARRETON CHURCHYARD, ISLE OF WIGHT.

To  
THE MEMORY OF  
ELIZABETH WALLBRIDGE,

"The Dairyman's Daughter"  
who died May 30<sup>th</sup> 1801,  
Aged 31 Years.

---

"SHE BEING DEAD YET SPEAKETH."

---

Stranger! if e'er by chance or feeling led,  
Upon this hallowed turf thy footsteps tread,  
Turn from the contemplation of this sod,  
And think on her whose Spirit rests with God.  
Lowly her lot on earth, but He who bore  
Tidings of grace and blessings to the poor,  
Gave her His truth, & faithfulness, to prove  
The dearest treasures of his boundless love;  
Faith that dispelled affliction's darkest gloom,  
Hope, that could cheer the passage to the tomb,  
Peace, that not Hell's dark legions could destroy,  
And love, that filled the soul with heavenly joy.  
Death of its sting disarm'd, she knew no fear,  
But tasted Heaven, while she lingered here.  
Oh! happy Saint, may we like thee be blest,  
In life be faithful, and in death find rest.

In CARISBROOKE CHURCHYARD, ISLE OF WIGHT.

---

On JAMES FLUX Aged 80,

DIED 1851.

---

And MARY his Wife Aged 74,

DIED 1844.

---

We leave you here our friends so dear  
Whom we so much love,  
And soon we hope to meet again  
Where parting is no more.

---

A tender Father and loving Mother who left behind  
Ten children living of their own,  
Grandchildren they left fifty-nine,  
And Great Grandchildren fifty-one.

---

In ST. IVES CHURCHYARD, CAMBS.

---

—1857.—

A Day, and our Joys may be fled,  
A Night, and our Griefs may be o'er,  
An Hour, and we join with the dead,  
A Moment, and we are no more.

To  
The Memory  
of

**RICHARD WARD SPICER**

Born May 13<sup>th</sup> 1789. Died June 25<sup>th</sup> 1853.

**DUDLEY ADCOCK SPICER**

Wife of the above,

Born Decr. 28<sup>th</sup> 1790. Died Sept. 15<sup>th</sup> 1852.

ALSO OF THEIR CHILDREN,

MATTHEW W. SPICER	Born	Sept.	28.	1812	Died	May	3.	1852
SARAH W. SPICER	„	Feb.	26.	1814	„	June	5.	1814
RICHARD SPICER	„	Nov.	14.	1815	„	„	15.	1830
DUDLEY SPICER	„	July	20.	1818	„	„	26.	1827
HARRIETT SPICER	„	Aug.	10.	1820	„	Feb.	7.	1855
SARAH SPICER	„	May	6.	1822	„	Mar.	10.	1823
WILLIAM SPICER	„	Feb.	21.	1824	„	Sept.	9.	1824
GEORGE S. SPICER	„	Sept.	21.	1825	„	Dec.	31.	1844
SUSANNAH SPICER	„	May	30.	1827	„	Oct.	7.	1838
RICHARD SPICER	„	Oct.	30.	1830	„	May	4.	1833
DUDLEY SPICER	„	June	13.	1832	„	„	1.	1833

Also JANE Wife of Matthew Spicer,

And Daughter of W<sup>m</sup> Low of this Town,

Who Died Oct. 13<sup>th</sup> 1852 Aged 37.

**In MALDON CHURCHYARD, ESSEX.**

E'en Jesus wept at Lazarus' Grave,  
And may not we now weep at thine;  
Not sorrowing hopeless, the Lord who gave  
His will be done, not mine.

**In MELFORD CHURCHYARD, SUFFOLK, 1846.**

Remember man whoe'er thou art,  
Not he who act the greatest part,  
But he who act the best will be  
The happiest man eternally.

A Specimen of Suffolk Idiom.—F.M.

**In BIGGLESWADE CHURCHYARD, BEDS., 1856.**

He trod earth's soil, & shared the common lot,  
Declined & sank, but not to be forgot;  
For long his name upon this humble stone  
To his fond memory set, may yet make known,  
That some with sweet remembrance oft imprest,  
Will come & notice where his body rests.

In BROMLEY CHURCHYARD, KENT.

Near this Place lies the Body of

ELIZABETH MONK,

She was the widow of John Monk of this Parish, Blacksmith,  
her second Husband ;

who departed this life on the 27<sup>th</sup> day of August, 1753.

AGED 101.

To whom she had been a Wife near 50 Years,  
By whom she had no children,  
And of the issue of the first marriage, none lived to the  
second :

BUT VIRTUE

would not suffer her to be childless,  
An infant, to whom, and to whose Father and Mother she  
had been Nurse,

(such is the uncertainty of temporal prosperity,)  
became dependent upon Strangers for the maintenance  
of life ;

To him she afforded the protection of a Mother ;  
This Parental Charity was returned with Filial Affection,  
And she was supported in the fulness of Age,  
By him whom she had cherished in the  
helplessness of infancy.

LET IT BE REMEMBERED

that there is no station in which Industry will not obtain  
Power to be liberal,  
Nor any Character on which Liberality will not confer  
Honour.

She had long been prepared by a simple and unaffected  
Piety for that awful

Moment, which, however delayed  
is universally sure :

How few are allowed an equal time for Probation ;  
How many, by their lives, appear to presume upon more.

---

To preserve the memory of the Person, but yet more to  
perpetuate the lesson of her life, This Stone was erected  
by Voluntary Contributions.



---

IN LANDPORT CEMETERY, HANTS.

---

## Charity

She was—What?

What a Wife should Be,

She was that.

—o—

RICHARD GOODRIDGE

Husband of the above

Died December 4<sup>th</sup> 1840.

Aged 58 years.

---

IN ALVERSTOKE CEMETERY, HANTS.

---

— 1858 —

ON A CHILD AGED 10 MONTHS.

—

On life's wild ocean, tempest tossed & pained,  
How many voyagers their course perform ;  
This little bark a kinder fate obtained,  
It reached the Haven e'er it met the storm.

IN IRTHLINGBORO' CHURCHYARD, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

This Stone  
is Erected to Perpetuate  
the Memory of

MARY SUMPTER

(Relict of  
THOMAS FREEMAN SUMPTER),

who died January 30<sup>th</sup> 1843,

Aged 84 Years.

---

—READER—

---

If thou knowest her faults be very careful to avoid them,  
If thou knowest her virtues labour earnestly to imitate them,  
And whatever was wanting to complete her character,  
strive to perfect in your own;  
Remembering in every instance to apply daily, & fervently,  
To GOD  
For his assisting grace & guidance.

---

Many long Sermons contain less practical precept.—F. M.

**In ST. PHILIP'S CHURCHYARD, BIRMINGHAM.**

— 1835 —

Keep Death & Judgement always in your eye ;  
None are fit to live who are not fit to die ;  
Make use of present time, because you must  
Take up your lodging shortly in the dust ;  
'Tis dreadful to behold the setting sun,  
And night approaching, e'er your work is done.

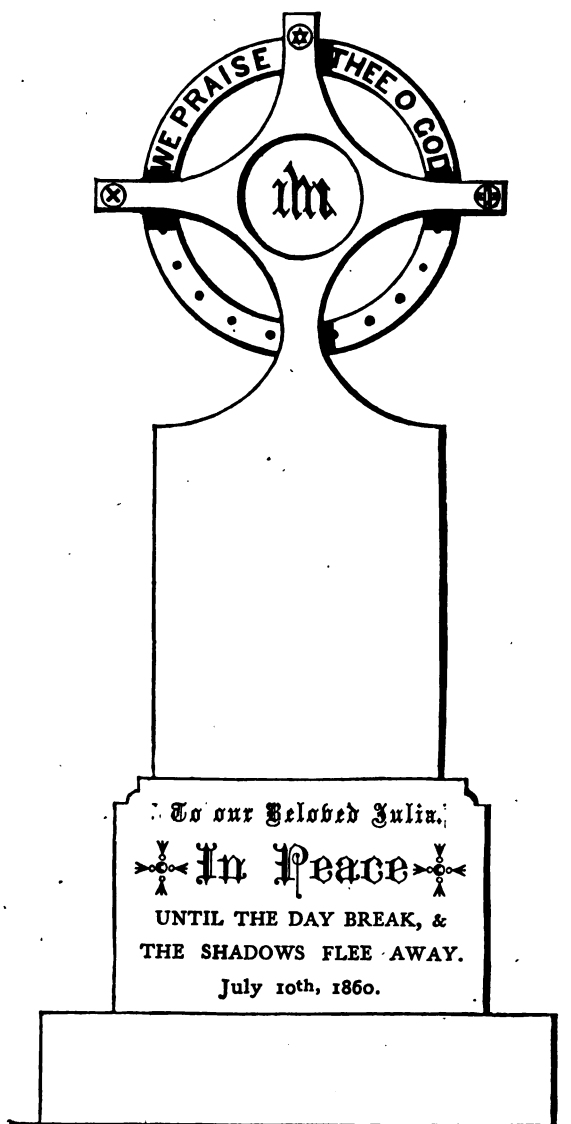
**In ALL SAINTS CHURCHYARD, HASTINGS.**

— 1850. —

**ON A YOUNG WOMAN AGED 27.**

Yea speedily was she taken away,  
lest that wickedness should alter  
her Understanding, or Deceit  
beguile her Soul.

Apocrypha, Wisdom 4 and 1



IN NEWMARKET CEMETERY.

---

— 1861 —

ON A CHILD AGED 14 MONTHS.

---

- Thrice happy—that our Infant bears  
To Heaven no darkening stains of sin,  
And only breathed life's morning airs,  
Before its noonday storms begin.

IN HOVE CHURCHYARD, SUSSEX.

---

THIS STONE  
is erected by the Friends of  
**ABNER PUTLAND**  
who was unfortunately drowned  
whilst Bathing,  
on the 26<sup>th</sup> of June 1856.  
Aged 23 Years.

---

In an instant I sank 'neath the shadow of Death,  
And Eternity round me arose,  
O Reader remember' that life is a breath,  
And a breath may bring thine to a close.

**IN TAUNTON CHURCH, SOMERSET.**

**Sacred**

**TO THE MEMORY OF MOSES COTTLE**

Who died 15<sup>th</sup> Nov: 1789. Aged 35.

---

Did'st thou know him Reader?

If thou didst not

Know this,

He was a Tender Husband,

a social friend,

And an Honest Man.

**IN BRIDPORT CHURCHYARD, DORSET.**

—— 1835. ——

No age or station is secure,

The Old, the Young, the Rich, the Poor,

Alike by Death are snatched away,

Without distinction or delay,

To mingle with their native clay,

And wait their final Judgement Day.

**IN DUNSTABLE CHURCHYARD, BEDS.**

**IN MEMORY OF JOHN DARLEY**

who died March 23<sup>rd</sup> 1845 Aged 88 Y<sup>rs</sup>

---

Worn out with Labour, & with age oppress'd,  
Beneath this Hallow'd Ground in peace I rest;  
The Immortal part as fled beyond the Skie,  
Only the Body can be said to Die;  
When the last trump shall sound it rais'd shall be  
To join the Soul throughout Eternity.  
Beloved friends that do your loss deplore,  
Remember I am only gone before;  
Let not this World your whole attention have,  
For know ye not your trav'ling to the Grave.

**IN BRIDPORT CHURCHYARD, DORSET.**

**ON A CHILD AGED 5 YEARS.**

---

A highly favoured probationer,  
Accepted without being exercised.



---

IN BUNHILL FIELDS CEMETERY, LONDON.

---

*To the Memory*  
OF  
**MISS ANN DAVIS,**

Who died Feby 27<sup>th</sup> 1803.

Aged 21 Years.

Go! spotless Honor, and unsullied Truth;  
Go! smiling Innocence, and blooming Youth;  
Go! Female Softness, joined with Manly Sense;  
Go! winning Wit, that never gave Offence;  
Go! soft Humanity, that bless'd the Poor,  
Go! Saint-eyed Patience, from Affection's Door,  
Go! Modesty, that never wore a Frown,  
Go! Virtue, and receive thy Heavenly Crown.

---

In the same, 1767.

---

Here rests a woman good without pretence,  
Blest with plain Reason and with sober Sense;  
So unaffected so composed a mind,  
So firm yet soft, so strong yet so resigned;  
Heaven as its purest gold by Tortures try'd;  
The Saint sustained it, but the Woman Dy'd.



In BASINGSTOKE CEMETERY, HANTS.

In  
MEMORY OF  
ANTHONY CURTIS

who died April 11<sup>th</sup> 1787.

Aged 77 Years.

---

This world's a City full of crooked streets,  
And death the Market place where all men meets,  
If life was Merchandize that men could buy,  
The rich would live and none but poor would die.

In MILLBROOK CHURCHYARD, near Southampton.

ON ELIZA NEWMAN. DIED 1772.

---

Like a tender Rose Tree was my spouse to me,  
Her offspring Pluckt, to long deprived of life is she,  
*Three went before*, Her Life went with the Six,  
*I stay with the 3* Our sorrows for to mix,  
Till Christ our only hope Our Joys doth Fix.

In BRIGHTON CHURCHYARD.

To the Memory of  
THOMAS WILSON,  
of London who was drowned  
while bathing in the Sea,  
on the morning of the 5<sup>th</sup> of August  
1785.

Aged 43 Years.



To live each moment Reader be thy care,  
To live as seeing Him who sees unseen,  
Live so prepared that when He calls thee hence,  
The soul may spotless stand on Zion's Hill.  
Who lives by Faith, who every moment hangs  
With firm reliance on his atoning Lord,  
Can never be dismayed at sudden death,  
Or heedless launch into a world unknown.  
The mortal part 'tis true may sink in waves,  
Or sleeping lye to moulder in the dust,  
The particle divine ascends on high,  
To swim in Oceans of Eternal Bliss.



**IN MARKET HARBOROUGH CEMETERY.**

---

— 1836. —

Both old & young O Death, must yield to thee,  
And day by day, thy powerful arm we see,  
In vain the tear, in vain the heartfelt sigh,  
All that are born to live, are born to die.

---

**IN HARWICH CHURCHYARD, ESSEX.**

---

1822.

**ON A SAILOR.**

---

Though Boreas' blasts & Neptune's waves  
Have tos't me to and fro',  
Yet at the last, by God's decree,  
I Harbour here below :  
While here I at an anchor ride,  
With many of our fleet,  
Yet once again I shall set sail,  
Our Admiral Christ to meet.

IN HIGHGATE CEMETERY, LONDON.



Life's like a Winter's Day,  
Some only Breakfast and away,  
Others to Dinner stay and are full fed;  
The oldest one but Sups and goes to Bed;  
Wretched is he that lingers out the day,  
He that goes the soonest has the least to pay.

---

*The private sleeping chamber of  
Richard Hislop, Islington.*

Some years after copying this I saw the stone again, but there was still no further inscription.—F. M.

**CHARLES CLARKSON BROOKER**

' Died at Sea, 1854.

Far, Far he lies from holy ground,  
Deep in his coral bed,  
The seaweeds wrap his corse around,  
The dark waves over head;  
Yet shall as here, when trump shall sound,  
And sea gives up her dead,  
The Glorious bodies of the just  
Wake from corruption as from dust.

---

**ELIZA CLARKSON BROOKER**

Sister of the above

Died at Leamington, 1855.

---

Much as we loved thee, to our bitter cost  
Alas, how much we knew not till we lost!  
Oh, say not lost! she dead in Jesus sleep,  
And not for them but for ourselves we weep.

**IN LANDPORT CEMETERY, HANTS.**

**SACRED**

to the memory of

**GEORGE THOMAS MEAD DODD,**

Son of Samuel, & Mary Dodd;

who died 3<sup>rd</sup> Jan<sup>y</sup> 1843. Aged 15 Years.

The memory of two Brothers on this stone is inscribed,  
Not favor'd as some are to lie side by side,  
One lies beneath, in his own happy land,  
While the other sleeps yonder, on Africa's Strand.

---

**ALSO, SAMUEL ISAAC MEAD DODD,**

Brother of the above;

who died 5<sup>th</sup> July 1850. Aged 25 Years.

---

Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan  
him, but weep sore for him that goeth away, for he  
shall return no more, nor see his native country. .

22 Chapter Jeremiah, 10 Verse.

But now he is dead, wherefore shall I fast? Can I  
bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall  
not return to me.

12 Chap. 2<sup>nd</sup> Book Saml 23 Ver.

In the South Aisle of CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

*[Date completely effaced by the Hand of Time.]*

He that's imprison'd in this narrow roome  
Wer't not for cvstome needs nor verse nor toombe  
Nor can from theise a memorie be lent  
To him who must be his toombs monvment  
And by the Virtve of his lasting fame  
Must make his toombe live long not it  
his fame  
For when this Gavdie Monvment is gone  
Children of th' vnborne world shall spye  
y<sup>e</sup> Stone  
That covers him and to their FFellowes crye  
'Tis Here 'tis Here About Barkley doth lye  
To build his toombe then is not thought soe safe  
Whose vertve mvst ovt live his Epitaphe



---

IN TAUNTON CHURCH, SOMERSET.

---

*[Under a full-length Figure, life size.]*

---

Consecrated to the Blessed Memory of  
Robert Grave Esq. and Founder.  
Taunton Bore Him, London Bred Him.  
Piety Trained Him, Virtue Led Him.  
Taunton Blest Him, London Blest Him.  
This Thankful Town, That Mindful City,  
Share His Piety, and His Pity.  
What He Gave, and How He Gave It,  
Ask The Poor, and You Shall Have It.  
Gentle Reader, Heaven May Strike  
Thy Tender Heart To Do The Like,—  
Now Thine Eyes Have Read The Story,  
Give Him The Praise, & Heaven The Glory.

Ætatis. Svc. 65.

Anno. Dom. 1635.





In BROXBOURNE CHURCHYARD, HERTS.

Here Slumber  
the mortal remains of  
**ELIZA,**  
for nine years the faithful  
and affectionate Wife of  
JOSEPH PAUL,  
to whom she bore six children,  
the youngest  
of which rests with its Mother.

She died June 23<sup>rd</sup> 1835.

Aged 27 Years.

---

“Ce Qu'est écrit, est écrit”

“Nos Journees sont complees”

---

“I remember Thee, the kindness  
of thy youth, the love of thine espousals,  
when thou wentest after me in the wilderness,  
in a land that was not sown.” \*

---

\* Great poetic feeling is displayed in the adaptation of this quotation.—F.M.

In HIGHGATE CEMETERY, LONDON.

LILLYWHITE,

Born June 1792. Died Aug<sup>st</sup> 21<sup>st</sup> 1854.

A name to be remembered long as  
THE NATIONAL GAME OF ENGLAND,

By the practice and tuition  
of which for years he earned  
an honest livelihood ;  
rarely has man received

more applause in his vocation :  
few have ministered to more happy hours.

From an humble station he achieved  
A WORLD WIDE REPUTATION,

Teaching both by precept and example,

A SPORT

in which the blessings of youthful strength  
and spirits may be most innocently employed  
to the exercise of the mind,  
the discipline of the temper,  
and the general improvement of the man.

THIS MONUMENT

testifies the respect of the Noblemen  
and Gentlemen of the Marylebone Cricket Club,  
and of many private friends,

TO ONE WHO DID HIS DUTY,

in that state of life  
to which it had pleased God to call  
him.



Sacred  
To the Memory of  
LUKE STURLEY,

who held the Office of Parish

Clerk upwards of 60 Years,

he died Feby. 13<sup>th</sup> 1843.

---

The Graves around for many a year  
Were dug by him who slumbers here,  
Till worn with age he dropped his spade,  
And in this dust his bones were laid,  
As he now mouldering shares the doom  
Of those he buried in the tomb,  
So will his body too with theirs arise  
To share the judgement of the skies.



IN ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, COVENTRY.



HER ZEALOV'S CARE TO SERVE HER GOD  
 HER CONSTANT LOVE TO HUSBAND DEARE  
 HER HARMELES HARTE TO EVERIE ONE  
 DOTH LIVE ALTHOVGH HER CORPS LYE HERE  
 GOD GRAVNT E VS ALL WHILE GLASSE DOTH R<sup>V</sup>  
 TO LIVE IN CHRIST AS SHE HATH DONNE

ANN SEWELL <sup>E</sup>Y WIFE OF WILL<sup>M</sup> SEW<sup>LL</sup> OF THIS CYTTY VINT  
 NER DEPTED THIS LIFE Y 20 OF DICEM: 1609: OF THE AGE OF  
 46 YEARES; AN HVMBLE FOLLOWER OF HER SAVIOVR CHRIST  
 AND A WORTHY STIRROR VP OF OTHERS TO ALL HOLY VERTVES

Copied from a Rubbing taken in 1862.—F.M.

In ASTON CHURCHYARD, BIRMINGHAM.

Sacred

TO THE MEMORY OF

JOHN DOWLER,

LATE OF CASTLE BROMWICH, WHO

departed this life Decr. 6<sup>th</sup> 1787.

Aged 42

---

My Sledge & Hammer lie reclined,  
My Bellows too have lost their Wind;  
My Fire's extinct, my Forge decayed,  
And in the Dust my Vice is laid;  
My Coal is spent, my Iron's gone,  
My Nails are drove, my Work is done.



In RUGBY CHURCHYARD.

In Memory of  
JOHN COLLIS HUSBAND OF

ELIZ: COLLIS who lived in

Wedlock together 50 years,

he served as Parish Clerk 41 years,

and Died June 19<sup>th</sup> 1781 Aged 69 years.

---

Him who covered up the Dead,  
Is himself laid in the same bed,  
Time with his crooked Scythe hath made  
Him lay his mattock down and spade;  
May he and we all rise again  
To everlasting life, AMEN.



In FOLKESTONE CHURCHYARD, KENT.

In  
Memory of  
**REBECCA ROGERS**

who died Aug<sup>t</sup>. 22<sup>nd</sup> 1688.

Aged 44 Years.

---

A House She hath, its made of such good fashion,  
The Tenant ne'er shall pay for reparation :  
Nor will her Landlord ever raise her rent,  
Or turn her out of doors for non-payment :  
From Chimney Money to this cell is free,  
To such a House who would not Tenant be.

In ST. MARTIN'S, SALISBURY.

**1826.**

---

Farewell Vain world I've had enough of thee,  
And value not what thou canst say of me ;  
Thy smiles I court not, nor thy frowns I fear,  
All's one to me, my head lies quiet here,  
What faults thou'st seen in me take care to shun,  
And look at home there's something to be done.

**In FAVERSHAM CHURCHYARD, KENT.**

**ON THREE CHILDREN.**

**1856. 1858. 1862.**

---

“Who plucked my choicest flowers,” the gardener cried,  
“The Master did,” a well-known voice replied;  
“Tis well! they all are His” the gardener said,  
And meekly bowed his reverential head.

---

**In WALTHAM ABBEY CHURCHYARD, ESSEX.**

**1834.**

---

Ye proud, ambitious, wealthy, young, & gay;  
Who drink the spirit of the golden day;  
And triumph in existence, come with me,  
And in the mouldering corpse your picture see;  
What you and all must soon or later be:  
When this our short & fleeting life is o'er,  
We die to live, and live! to die no more.



In FORDINGTON CHURCHYARD, DORCHESTER.

In Memory of  
JOHN HAYNES,

AGED 77.

DIED 1799.

As those we love decay, we die in part,  
String after String is severed from the Heart,  
Till loosened life's at last but  
    crumbling clay,  
Without one pang is glad to fall away,  
Unhappy he who latest feels the blow,  
Whose eyes have wept o'er every friend laid low,  
Dragged lingering on from partial  
Death, to Death,  
Till dying, all he can resign is breath.

In SITTINGBOURNE CHURCHYARD, KENT.

ANN BALLARD, Widow,

DIED June 1805. AGED 72.

Poor Souls how strangely fond of life are we,  
And who that sees this bed would change with me,  
Yet gentle Reader, tell me, which is best,  
A painful journey or a Place of Rest?

**In LITTLEHAMPTON CHURCHYARD, SUSSEX.**

— 1845. —

It was so suddenly I fell  
My Neighbours started at my knell,  
Amazed that I should be no more,  
The Man they'd seen the day before;  
But what security is breath,  
Against the uplifted hand of death?  
Not one is safe, not one secure,  
Not one can tell his moments sure:  
Be wise, & let that holy path be daily trod,  
In which, without surprise, a man may meet his God.

**In PRESTON CHURCHYARD, near Weymouth.**

— 1851. —

All the Rivers run into the sea,  
yet the sea is not full; unto the  
place from whence the rivers came,  
thither they return again.

Ecclec 1st Ver 7th

In LANDPORT CHURCHYARD, HANTS.

Sacred

to the Memory of

RICHARD HARPER

who departed this life Nov<sup>r</sup> 10<sup>th</sup> 1848.

Aged 87 Years.

ALSO MARY WIFE OF THE ABOVE,

who departed this life April 20<sup>th</sup> 1850.

Aged 81 Years.

"They was what they was, what every  
good Man and Woman ought to be;  
that was they."

It is strange that such grammar should be perpetrated in 1850.—F.M.

In WELLINGBOROUGH CHURCH, 1861.

The way to life lies through death's dreary gate,  
All flesh must pass its portal.  
Dust unto Dust is but the Body's fate,  
The Spirit is immortal.

This is by John Askham, the "Wellingboro' Poet," a self-taught  
man.—F.M.

A Stone Slab on the Front of

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH,

NORTHAMPTON.

Here under lyeth

JOHN BAILES Born in this

Town he was above 126

years old & had his hearing

Sight and Memory to y<sup>e</sup> last

He lived in 3 Centurys

& was buried the 14<sup>th</sup>. of Apr

1706.

IN ABNEY PARK CEMETERY, LONDON.

*The Family Grave*  
of

E. B. & M. L. SCOTT,  
of Dalston.



MARY HANNAH

Daughter of the above

was called hence

31<sup>st</sup>. July 1858.

Aged 5 Years & 3 Months

Are you ready? .

MARY LING SCOTT

Was reunited to her Child

7<sup>th</sup> December 1859

Aged 31 Years.

Another Gem in the Saviour's Crown,

Another soul in Heaven;

Reader! will You be there?



IN LANDPORT CEMETERY, HANTS.

This  
Stone is erected  
As a tribute of Affection  
To the Memory of  
**SARAH**  
The agreeable Schoolmate,  
Pleasant companion, faithful friend,  
and affectionate Wife of  
WILLIAM MITCHELL, JUN<sup>r</sup>.  
who departed this life on the  
19<sup>th</sup> day of May 1856.  
Aged 41 years.

---

Thy voice is now silent, the hearth is now cold,  
Where thy smile, & thy welcome, oft met me of old,  
I miss thee, & mourn thee, in silence, unseen,  
I dwell on the memory of joys that have been ;  
But nor weeping nor memory afford me relief,  
For my heart is bowed down with the weight of its grief.

I know that life's trials with thee are all past,  
That thy spirit with angels is happy at last ;  
For mid scenes of the night when the world is at rest,  
I list to thee singing the song of the blest ;  
And thou know'st my belov'd one the first wish of my heart,  
That soon again we may meet and never more part.

The poetry of affection.—F.M.

**In the Porch of CATTISTOCK CHURCH, DORSETSHIRE.**

**1800.**

---

~~~~~Smitten Friends  
Are Angels sent on errands full of love,  
For us they languish and for us they die ;  
And shall they languish, shall they die in vain ?  
Ungrateful, shall we grieve their hov'ring shades  
Which wait the reformation in our hearts,  
Shall we disdain their silent soft address,  
Their posthumous advice and pious prayer ?

**In CATTISTOCK CHURCHYARD.**

**1781.**

---

I Lodged have in many a Town,  
And Traveled many a Year,  
Till Age and Death have Brought me Down  
To my Last Lodging here.

**In LEIGHTON BUZZARD CHURCHYARD, BEDS.**

—— **1854.** ——

How short is life, how sure is death,  
Our days alas how few,  
This mortal life is but a breath,  
'Tis like the morning dew.

In the CEMETERY, LEICESTER.

Sacred  
TO THE MEMORY OF  
CHARLES GREGORY,

WHO DIED OCT<sup>R</sup> 8<sup>TH</sup> 1863,

Aged 76 Years.

Also

CHARLOTTE GREGORY,  
Daughter of the above

WHO DIED OCT<sup>R</sup> 8<sup>TH</sup> 1863,

Aged 30 Years.

She nobly sacrificed her life in vainly attempting to rescue her Father from poisonous gas in a cistern, and thus ended a virtuous life in an act of paternal affection.

They stood one moment in lifes glow,  
The next both sire and child lay low:  
He breathed the gas's fatal breath,  
She rushed to save but rushed to death:  
We found her stretched upon his breast,  
And thus we lay them down to rest:  
And breathe our prayer in humble faith,  
Be death in life their life in death.



In NUNHEAD CEMETERY, LONDON.

Sacred  
TO THE MEMORY OF  
JENNY VANCE STEVENS,

the Beloved Wife of  
ALFRED VANCE STEVENS,

Comedian and Vocalist,

DIED Oct. 20<sup>th</sup> 1866.

Aged 25 Years.



Stay passer by, and let thy kindly glance  
Rest on the early grave of JENNY VANCE;  
A tender Mother, and a loving Wife,  
Hers was a godly, and a happy life;  
A generous friend, she never had a foe;  
Not e'en King Death who laid her body low,  
For by his stroke hath not the grim King given  
Wings that a new fledged soul might fly to Heaven,  
Power to a spirit to exulting sing,  
"Where is thy Victory Grave, where Death thy sting?"  
Halt then I pray, bestow a tender glance  
Upon the tomb of JENNY VANCE.



Sacred to the Memory of

JAMES EADES,

Who departed this life Sept. 3<sup>rd</sup> 1851,

in the 52<sup>nd</sup> year of his age.

---

While deeds Heroic are engraved in brass,  
And Genius lives to fire the human mass;  
While polished bards in eulogistic verse  
Of Kings & Princes, virtues rare rehearse;  
Be theirs the task who rear this stone, to blend,  
Love for the Man, with friendship for the Friend,  
To honour Worth, and reverence the Art,  
Whose strains refine, while they exalt the Heart;  
To shew the meaning of the truth that shines  
Revealed in Pope's majestic deathless lines;  
"A Wit's a feather, and a Cheif a rod,  
An Honest Man's the noblest work of God."



IN HIGHGATE CEMETERY, LONDON.



Sacred to the affectionate Memory  
of a dearly beloved  
Friend and Companion,

**JOHN ANTHONY COATES,**

Son of J. A. Coates, Esq<sup>r</sup>  
Buckingham;

who died 17<sup>th</sup> August 1869,

Aged 36;

through an accidental fall  
from a Window.

---

"One shall be taken,  
The other left."

Matt :

"Thy will be done O Lord."

---

Hark what I tell to thee ;  
Nor sorrow o'er the tomb,  
My spirit wanders free,  
And waits till thine shall come.

---

All pensive and alone,  
I see thee sit and weep,  
Thy head upon the stone,  
Where my cold ashes sleep.

IN PENNSYLVANIA CHURCHYARD, ISLE OF PORTLAND, DORSET.

— 1745. —

I never did a Slander forge  
My Neighbour's Fame to wound  
Nor hear Ken to a false Report  
By Malice whisperd round

This is a reduced copy of a Rubbing taken in 1863.—F.M.

IN BUNHILL FIELDS CEMETERY, LONDON.

ON A CHILD AGED 5 YEARS & 8 MONTHS.

— 1803. —

On some rude spot where common Herbage grows,  
Perchance a violet rears its purple head,  
Some careful Gardener plucks it ere it blows,  
To spread and flourish in a nobler bed ;  
Such was thy fate dear Child thy op'ning such,  
Preeminence in early bloom was shewn,  
Too good for earth perhaps, or lov'd too much,  
Heaven saw and early marked thee for its own.

~~~~~

IN LILLINGTON CHURCHYARD, WARWICKSHIRE.

In  
Memory of  
WILLIAM TREEN,

WHO DIED 3<sup>RD</sup> FEBY 1810,

AGED 77 YEARS.

POORLY LIVED, AND POORLY DYED,  
POORLY BURIED, AND NO ONE CRYED.

~~~~~

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.

~~~~~

In BUNHILL FIELDS CEMETERY, LONDON.

Here rests the Body

OF ANN J. HODGE,

Daughter of William R. Hodge, Esq<sup>r</sup>.

of the Island of Tortola :

who departed this Life May 7<sup>th</sup> 1804

Aged nearly 17

Whom it were unpardonable to lay down  
in silence, and of whom it is difficult to  
speak with justice ; for her just  
character will look like flattery,  
and the least abatement of it  
is an injury to her memory.

Angels cannot snatch me from the Grave  
neither can legions of Angels confine me here.

Reader see then that ye walk circumspectly,  
for all must die, and after death comes the  
judgement.



---

In NUNEATON CHURCHYARD, WARWICKSHIRE.

---

IN  
MEMORY OF  
Fanny, Wife of  
THOMAS BALL,  
who departed this life  
the 19<sup>th</sup> April 1816,  
Aged 65 Years :  
and also of  
Fanny, daughter of  
THOMAS, & FANNY BALL,  
who died Febr 4<sup>th</sup> 1807,  
Aged 7 Years.

As near unto this Gate we lie,  
Pray think of death as you pass by,  
And your own sins before it is too late,  
That you may enter the Heavenly Gate ;  
When death doth strike great will be your falls,  
For you will be like to these poor Balls.



---

This Stone stands next one of the gates on entering.—F.M.

---

**IN ST. PHILIP'S CHURCHYARD, BIRMINGHAM.**

*In Memory of*  
**NANNETTA STOCKER,**

who departed this life

May 4<sup>th</sup> 1819,

Aged 39 Years

The smallest woman ever in  
this kingdom, possessed  
with every accomplishment,  
only 33 inches high:  
a Native of Austria.

**On JAMES BARKER, who died 1781.**

O cruel death how could you be so unkind  
To take him before and leave me behind  
You should have taken both of us if either  
Which would have been more pleasing to the survivor

**IN WHITWICK CHURCHYARD, LEICESTERSHIRE.**

— 1799. —

Mild was his temper,  
Solid was his Sense,  
It was the will of God  
To take him hence.



**IN HIGHGATE CEMETERY, LONDON.**

— 1854. —

“Who plucked this flower?” said the  
Gardener, as he walked round his  
garden: one of his fellow-labourers  
said, “It is the Master.”

The Gardener held his peace.

**IN ABNEY PARK CEMETERY, LONDON.**

**ON THREE CHILDREN WHO DIED IN 1862.**

— ○ —  
Angels of life and death alike are His  
Without his leave they pass no threshold o’er,  
Who then would wish, or dare, believing this,  
Against the messengers to shut the door.

**ON THE FAMILY GRAVE OF T. M. CUSHEE,**

— 1848. —

They were, and having been, they are!  
Earth but contains their mould’ring dust,  
Their deathless spirits near, or far,  
With thine must rise to meet the just.

— ○ —

**IN WHITWICK CHURCHYARD, LEICESTERSHIRE.**

— 1859. —

**ON A CHILD AGED 2 YEARS.**

O passing Stranger call this not  
A place of fear and gloom,  
I love to linger near the spot  
It is my Infants tomb.

**IN ASTON CHURCHYARD, BIRMINGHAM.**

— 1867. —

She died—Yet is not dead!  
Ye saw a daisy on her tomb,  
It bloomed to die—she died to bloom,  
Her summer hath not sped.

**IN HADLEIGH CHURCHYARD, SUFFOLK.**

— 1842. —

**ON A CHILD, AGED 9 YEARS.**

I give thee to my God that gave thee,  
A wellspring of deep gladness to my heart,  
And, precious as thou wert,  
And pure as dew of Heaven, to Him I give  
My own, my beautiful, my undefiled;  
And thou shalt be His child.

In BRIGHTON CHURCHYARD.

Sacred  
TO THE MEMORY OF  
SAKE DEEN MAHOMED,  
of Patna Hindoostan  
who died  
on the 24<sup>th</sup> of Feby. 1851.  
AGED 101 YEARS.

The first to introduce Shampooing Baths.—F.M.

G. PEARCE, DROWNED 1817.

AGED 20.

His fate was hard but God's decree  
Was drown'd he should be in the sea.

— 1713. —

They were 2 Louing Sisters  
who in this dust now ly, that  
Uery day Anne was Bury<sup>d</sup>.  
Elizabeth did dy

JOHN SMITH. died June 14<sup>th</sup> 1801. Aged 49 Years.  
As a Parent, Husband, Friend, Nature might hold  
him up, and say to all the World, this was a Man.

At the Ester end of this free  
Stone here doeth ly the Letle  
Bone of Water Spurrer  
that fine boy that was his  
Freinds only Joy. he was  
Dround at Mulbams bridg  
the 20<sup>th</sup> of August 1691.

## IN BRIGHTON CHURCHYARD.

"The Resurrection and the life  
Am I: believe and die no more."  
Unchanged that voice—and though not yet  
The dead sit up and speak,  
Answering its call; we gladlier rest  
Our darlings on earth's quiet breast,  
And our hearts feel they must not break  
For better they should rest awhile  
Within the Church's shade,  
Than wander back to life, and lean  
On our frail love once more.

## ON A CHILD AGED 6 MONTHS.

1849.



She tasted of life's bitter cup,  
Refused to drink the potion up,  
But turned her little head aside  
Disgusted with the taste, and died.  
Sweet babe no more, but seraph now,  
Before the throne behold her bow,  
Her soul enlarged to angel size  
Joins in the triumph of the skies.

Hallelujah!

Sacred to the Memory of  
THEODOSIA MARY,

The Beloved and unceasingly lamented Wife  
of Samuel Crawley of Stockwood Esq<sup>re</sup>  
By whom in admiration of her Virtues,  
And out of respect to her Memory,  
This Monument has been erected.

They were married June 19<sup>th</sup> 1817,  
She died Jan<sup>y</sup>. 3<sup>rd</sup> 1820, leaving one child.

---

Her Virtues were indeed of that Superior sort.  
As to at once pronounce her to be the most perfect of beings,  
Her faith and hope in Christ steadfast,  
Her temper Angelic: Her Heart warm and affectionate;  
Her friendship sincere:  
As a Wife and Mother She was a Pattern:  
In a word she was faultless, matchless, without equal;  
And has left her husband inconsolable,  
her infant her uniform Virtues,  
The best inheritance.

---

She was indeed too good for this World,  
And the Almighty claimed her as his own,  
That he might confer upon her  
The prize of everlasting life in Heaven,  
The just reward of her virtues in this world;  
And as procured for her by the mediation  
of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

---

Oh World! thou art indeed a loser,  
She the gainer of Immortality.

In NEWHAVEN CHURCHYARD, SUSSEX.

To the Memory of  
THOMAS TIPPER, who

departed this life May y<sup>e</sup> 4<sup>th</sup>

1785. Aged 54 Years.

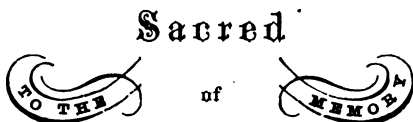
---

READER with kind regard this GRAVE survey  
Nor heedless pass where TIPPER'S ashes lay,  
Honest he was, ingenuous, blunt, and kind;  
And dared do, what few dare do, speak his mind  
PHILOSOPHY and History well he knew,  
Was versed in PHYSICK and in Surgery too;  
The best old STINGO he both brewed and sold,  
Nor did one knavish act to get his Gold;  
He played through Life a varied comic part,  
And knew immortal HUDIBRAS by heart.  
READER, in real truth, such was the Man,  
Be better, wiser, laugh more if you can.



Brewer of Tipper Ale, much drank in Brighton thirty years ago.—F.M.

In ST. PHILIP'S CHURCHYARD, BIRMINGHAM.



JAMES LAWRENCE,

who departed this life Decr. 31<sup>st</sup> 1835,

AGED 68 YEARS.

ALSO JANE WIFE OF THE ABOVE

who died Jan<sup>y</sup> 2<sup>nd</sup> 1836,

AGED 74 YEARS.

In Sunny days, in Stormy weather,  
In Youth and Age we clung together;  
We liv'd and lov'd and laugh'd and cry'd  
Together; and almost together died.



In NEWHAVEN CHURCHYARD, SUSSEX.

WILL<sup>m</sup> THO<sup>s</sup> KING,

died 1862, Aged 16 Months.

Not in anger, not in wrath,  
The Reaper came that day;  
An Angel visited the earth,  
And took our flower away.

LYDIA KATE KING,

died 1865, Aged 5 Years & 4 Months.

Another Lily gathered.



In KENSAL GREEN CEMETERY, LONDON.

## THOMAS BAYLIS RUFFLE

Died 22<sup>nd</sup> April 1839.

in his 36<sup>th</sup> Year.

Pain was my portion,  
Physic was my food;  
Groans were my devotion,  
Drugs did me no good:

Christ was my Physician,  
Knew what way was best,  
To ease me of my pain,  
He took my soul to rest.

## ON A CHILD AGED 7 MONTHS.

The cup of life just to his lips he pressed,  
Found the taste bitter, and resigned the rest.  
Averse then turning, from the face of day,  
He softly sighed his little soul away.

— 1840. —

Lord what was I? a worm, dust vapour, nothing;  
What was my life? a dream, a daily dying:  
What was my flesh? my soul's uneasy clothing:  
What was my time? a minute ever flying.  
My time, my flesh, my life, and I;  
What were we Lord, but vanity.

---

**IN KENSAL GREEN CEMETERY, LONDON.**

---

OUR DARLING CHILD

**RICHARD EDWARD**

Left us May 21<sup>st</sup> 1864, Aged 11 Months.

Little Teddy fare thee well  
Safe from earth in heaven to dwell,  
Almost Cherub here below,  
Altogether Angel now.

---

**IN NUNHEAD CEMETERY, LONDON.**

---

*In Affectionate Remembrance of*

**CAROLINE,**

The Beloved Wife of Thomas Janeway,  
who was suddenly called to her Heavenly Home

September 29<sup>th</sup> 1866, Aged 31 Years.

Gone, Gone, Gone, the empty chair I see,  
But ah! no smile as once alights on me,  
In what bright region doth thy spirit rest?  
Since all are living thou art surely blest;  
I ask no more the veil will soon remove,  
And I shall come to dwell with thee above.

---

— 1847. —

Dear Mother, \_\_\_\_\_  
Thou art gone to the land of the nightless day,  
To the clime of the winterless year;  
Where the flower never droops on its ever-green spray,  
Where the cloud never turns to a tear;  
Where the furrows that suffering had made in thy heart  
Shall be sown with the bright seeds of bliss;  
Oh! the glimpse that I catch of the world where thou art,  
Dries my tear for thy absence from this.

---

To the Memory of  
THOMSON WEBB,

who died Nov<sup>r</sup> 14<sup>th</sup> 1855.

Aged 54 Years.

---

Full many a flower that blossom'd in his path  
He stooped to gather, and the fruit he pluck'd  
That hung from many a tempting bough,—All but  
The Rose of Sharon, and the Tree of Life:  
This, flung its fragrance to the gale, and spread  
Its blushing beauties,—that, its healing leaves  
Display'd, and fruit immortal,—all in vain!  
He neither tasted, nor admired,—and found  
All that he chose and trusted, fair but false!  
The flowers no sooner gathered than they faded,  
The fruits enchanting, dust and bitterness,  
And all the world a wilderness of care!  
Wearied, disappointed, and near the close  
Of this eventful course, he sought the plant  
That long his heedless haste o'erlook'd, and proved  
Its sovereign virtues,—underneath its shade  
Outstretched, drew from his wounded feet the thorn,  
Shed the last tear, breath'd the last sigh, and here  
This lov'd one rests, in more than trembling hope.

---

— 1699. —

Death creeps Abought on hard ~  
And Steals Abroad on Seen ~  
Hur darts are Suding and hur arous keen  
Hur Stroks are deadly com they soon or late  
When being Strock Repentance is to Late ~  
Death is Aminute ful of Suden Sorrow  
Then Live to day as thou mayest dy to morow

A reduced copy of Rubbing from Stone, taken in 1866.—F. M.

In KENSAL GREEN CEMETERY, LONDON.

In Memory of

FRANCIS, INFANT SON OF

JOHN AND EMMA CROPP,

who died July 28<sup>th</sup> 1840.



He died before his infant soul  
Had ever burnt with wrong desires,  
Had ever spurned at Heavens control,  
Or ever quenched its sacred fires.  
He died to sin—He died to care,  
But for a moment felt, the rod,  
Then springing on the viewless air  
Spread his light wings and soared to God.

ALSO

ALICE HOYLE CROPP,

who died Nov<sup>r</sup>. 18<sup>th</sup> 1845.

Aged 2 Years & 4 Months.

Oh! we liken thee to some clear lamp  
Whose brightness with the light within it blended,  
And through the cold world's gath'ring mist and damp  
Thy soul was as the flame that upward tended.  
The lamp is broken, and the imprisoned fire  
Doth to the region of its birth aspire.



---

In KENSAL GREEN CEMETERY, LONDON.

---

The Family Grave of  
THOMAS FREDERICK HARRIS.

---

Sacred  
TO THE MEMORY OF  
His Daughter,  
**SARAH FRANCIS HARRIS,**  
who died September 6<sup>th</sup> 1868.  
Aged 22.

---

“Not lost but gone before.”

---

**ALSO LOUISA STUART,**  
Sister of the above  
followed her to the Heavenly Home,  
Sept<sup>r</sup> 30<sup>th</sup> 1869. Aged 24.  
—As well the Singers as the Players  
on Instruments shall be there—

Psalm lxxxvii. 7.

These two Sisters will be remembered as  
Teachers in the Offord Road Sunday  
School, and as members of the choir that  
won the Wreath at the great Musical  
Contest, in 1867, at Paris.



IN NUNHEAD CEMETERY, LONDON.

**Sacred**  
TO THE MEMORY OF  
**HENRY ANDREWS TRACY,**

who died on the 24<sup>th</sup> Jan. 1858,  
in his 29<sup>th</sup> Year.

Deeply and sincerely regretted  
By his afflicted Family.

TO MY HUSBAND.

A weary weight my bosom bears  
Throughout the lonely day,  
My heart amidst its household cares,  
Still feels thou art away,  
Each cheerless meal, each silent walk  
Is full of thought of thee,  
I seem to hear when others talk,  
To see what others see,  
While my rapt fancy loves to roam  
To thy far distant side;  
And longs to bid thee welcome home  
At quiet eventide:  
Oh would that thou wert really near,  
That those loved lips of thine  
Might kiss away this anxious tear,  
And blend thy prayer with mine.



In BURY ST. EDMUNDS CEMETERY.

Sacred  
to  
The Memory of

JOHN SON OF

JOHN AND HANNAH READ

Who died 27<sup>th</sup> Sept. 1861.

Aged 29 Years.

---

The Grave doth hide thee from my view,  
And I alone my path pursue ;  
Thy Father's numbered with the dead,  
And now my Son thou too art fled ;  
Thus called with both so soon to part,  
That God alone might have my heart.

In the CEMETERY, LEICESTER.

— 1867. —

ON A CHILD AGED 16 MONTHS.

---

To her was granted that she should  
be arrayed in fine linen  
clean and white.

Rev. XIX. 8.

---



**In SEVENOAKS CHURCHYARD, KENT.**

**SALLY EVEREST LANGRIDGE,**

who died Novr. 3<sup>rd</sup> 1822,

Aged 42 Years.

A tender and a Virtuous Wife,  
A pious neighbour in her life,  
And when called by the Lord of Heaven,  
She died, and left her Children seven,  
A tender care for them she had,  
They mourn their loss, while she is glad.

— 1753. —

With Serious Haste  
dispatch the Great Affair  
'T will be to Late when  
thou art Lodged here

**In HIGHAM-FERRERS CHURCHYARD, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.**

— 1851. —

With patient mind thy course of duty run,  
God nothing does, or suffers to be done,  
But thou wouldst do thyself, couldst thou but see  
The end of all events, as well as He.

**In HIGHGATE CEMETERY, LONDON.**

— 1851. —

~~~~~We trust  
The lingering gleam of his departed life  
To oral record; and the silent heart;  
Depositories faithful, and more kind  
Than fondest epitaph: for if these fail,  
What boots the sculptured tomb.

In the CHANCEL of the PARISH CHURCH, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

GOOD FREND FOR IESVS SAKE FORBEARE,  
TO DICG THE DVST ENCLOSED HEARE;  
BLESE BE Y<sup>E</sup> MAN Y<sup>T</sup> SPARES THES STONES,  
AND CVRST BE HE Y<sup>T</sup> MOVES MY BONES.

This is a reduced copy of Rubbing from the Stone that covers the Remains of SHAKESPEARE.  
Taken in 1863.—F. M.

\* \* \* "Body and soul must part :  
Fond couple ! link'd more close than wedded pair.  
This wings its way to its Almighty source,  
The witness of its actions, now its Judge ;  
That drops into the dark and noisome grave,  
Like a disabled pitcher of no use."

ROBERT BLAIR (*died 1746*).



"The sun has sunk behind the hill,  
But over earth, and sky, and air,  
Eve's crimson tints are glowing still,  
And tidings from the morrow bear.  
Thus hope, when sinks life's happiness,  
Upon our night of sorrow glows,  
Promising brighter, endless bliss,  
After our pilgrimage of woes."

JAMES INGELGREN (*a Swedish Poet*).









APR 26 1935

